

NO 25-JAN.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

Murder
WILL OUT, SAYS THE
OLD ADAGE! BUT WHO
COULD HAVE DREAMED OF
THE DREAD, LIFELESS THING
WHICH HOUNDED FLETCHER
TO HIS DOOM? FOR GASPS
AND CHILLS, READ...
"HALLAHAN'S
HEAD!"

THAT--THAT AWFUL HEAD! IT'S
FOLLOWED ME OVER THE YEARS, AND
NOW--IT'S GOT ME!





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SOMETIMES THINGS HAPPEN THAT DEFY REASONABLE EXPLANATION--AND SPREAD TERROR IN THEIR WAKE! HERE'S THE STRANGE STORY OF AN EVEN STRANGER EVENT--AN EERIE MYSTERY THAT WILL QUICKEN YOUR PULSE! DID ITS SECRET LIE IN THE MUSIC BOX--OR STRIKE INTO THE HEART OF THE **UNKNOWN** ITSELF? YOU'LL LEARN FOR YOURSELF--AND **SHUDDER**--WHEN YOU READ--

The VENETIAN MUSIC BOX!



HARRY LAZARUS

LATE ONE EVENING, IN THE SECLUSION OF PROFESSOR FORBES' LIBRARY...

I DON'T **UNDERSTAND** IT, RALPH! YOU RECENTLY RETURN FROM EUROPE, AND INSTEAD OF BEING RELAXED, YOU SHOW MORE TENSION THAN EVER! WHAT'S WORSE, YOU TOP IT OFF WITH THE **WEIRDEST** STORY I'VE EVER HEARD!

TERRIFYING WOULD BE THE BETTER WORD, PROFESSOR!



BETTER GIVE IT TO ME AGAIN! ONLY THIS TIME, TRY TO REMEMBER THE EXACT SEQUENCE IN WHICH THE EVENTS TOOK PLACE!

ALL RIGHT, SIR! I--I'LL DO MY BEST!



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"IT ALL BEGAN ON THE VERY NIGHT I ARRIVED IN VENICE! I WAS OUT FOR A STROLL ALONG THE RIALTO, WHEN I STOPPED BEFORE THIS SMALL ANTIQUE SHOP..."

THOSE MUSIC BOXES ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL I'VE EVER SEEN! BUT I COULD NEVER AFFORD THEM AT **THAT** PRICE!



"THERE WAS SOMETHING INTRIGUING, **HYPNOTIZING** ABOUT THEM! LIKE A MAN UNDER A SPELL, I ENTERED..."

YOU WILL FIND NO FINER EXAMPLES IN ALL VENICE! THEY WERE CARVED BY THE GREAT **ANTONIO BRIACCHI**, AND THE PRICE IS A REAL BARGAIN!

I BELIEVE YOU, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THE **PAIR**! HOWEVER, IF YOU WOULD BE WILLING TO SELL ONE...

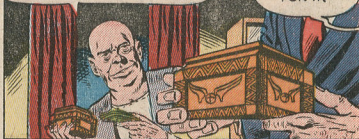


"HE WAS RELUCTANT TO BREAK UP THE PAIR AT FIRST, BUT THE SIGHT OF MY MONEY HAD A CONVINCING EFFECT..."

AGREED!

YOU MAY HAVE THIS ONE, AND I WILL KEEP ITS MATE OUT OF THE WINDOW! SHOULD YOUR FINANCES IMPROVE, IT WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU!

THANK YOU... I'LL DO MY BEST TO BE BACK FOR IT!

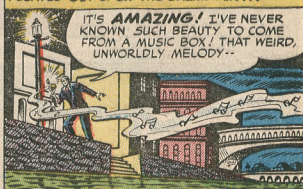


"I LEFT THE SHOP EXPECTING TO GO TO MY HOTEL DIRECTLY! BUT WHEN I PASSED A STREET LAMP BESIDE THE GRAND CANAL, I PAUSED TO RE-EXAMINE MY PRIZE! I DIDN'T WANT TO--IT WAS AS IF SOMETHING **MADE** ME!"



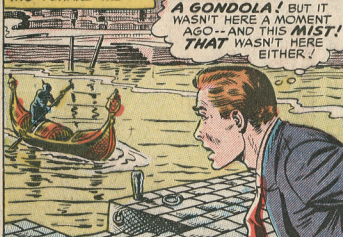
HMM, THIS TINY LEVER INSIDE-- PROBABLY CONTROLS THE MUSIC MECHANISM--

"WHAT STRANGE FORCE COMPELLED ME TO PRESS THAT LEVER? ALL I KNOW IS THAT A STREAM OF MUSIC, DELICATE AND EXQUISITE, FLOATED OUT UPON THE BALMY AIR..."



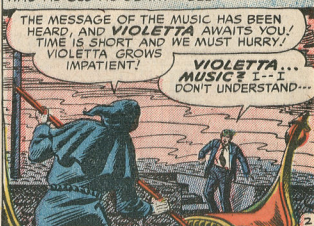
IT'S **AMAZING!** I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH BEAUTY TO COME FROM A MUSIC BOX! THAT WEIRD, UNWORLDLY MELODY--

"THE EERIE STRAINS DIED--AND SUDDENLY, LOOMING TOWARD ME--"



A GONDOLA! BUT IT WASN'T HERE A MOMENT AGO--AND THIS **MIST!** THAT WASN'T HERE EITHER!

"THEN, THE INCREDIBLE FOLLOWED! THE CLOAKED GONDOLIER SPOKE, AND HIS VOICE WAS AS OLD AS DEATH ITSELF--"



THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC HAS BEEN HEARD, AND **VIOLETTA** AWAITS YOU! TIME IS SHORT AND WE MUST HURRY! **VIOLETTA GROWS IMPATIENT!**

VIOLETTA... MUSIC? I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WHATEVER MADE ME BOARD THAT TERRIBLE OLD GONDOLA, I'LL NEVER QUITE UNDERSTAND-- **BUT I DID!** IT WAS A FRIGHTFUL JOURNEY! IT SEEMED AS IF WE WERE IN A DIFFERENT AGE!-- AS THOUGH WE HAD DRIFTED INTO A CENTURY OF FORGOTTEN TIME--

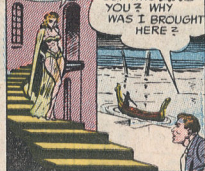
BUT WHEN YOUR JOURNEY CAME TO AN END--- WHERE **WERE** YOU?

"I WAS STANDING ON THE TERRACE OF THE ONE CALLED VIOLETTA, AND SHE WAS THERE TO GREET ME! A CREATURE OF COMPELLING, BUT SINISTER BEAUTY..."

WELCOME TO **CASTLE BARONE!** IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I HAVE HAD A VISITOR!

BUT WHO **ARE** YOU? WHY WAS I BROUGHT HERE?

TIME ENOUGH FOR QUESTIONS! YOU MUST BE WEARY AFTER YOUR LONG JOURNEY! COME, A CUP OF WINE TO REFRESH YOUR SPIRITS! DRINK DEEPLY, DEAR FRIEND-- **DEEPLY!**



"AND THEN MY SENSES SEEMED TO DISSOLVE! I WAS GRIPPED BY A STAGGERING FORCE-- AND PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO AN ABYSS OF IMPENETRABLE GLOOM..."



"BUT I WASN'T ALONE! **VIOLETTA** WAS WITH ME! GONE WAS HER BEAUTY--- AND IN ITS PLACE WAS THE UNTHINKABLE HORROR OF SOMETHING **INHUMAN!**"



OH, NO-- NO!

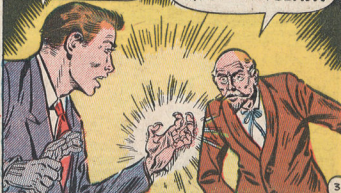
WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS WHERE THE GONDOLA HAD PICKED ME UP! I RETURNED TO THE STATES, BUT IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE! WHEN NIGHT COMES, I'M OVERCOME WITH AN ANIMALISTIC URGE TO **KILL!** AND EACH NIGHT IT BECOMES WORSE!

STEADY, BOY... **STEADY!** IT'S NERVES, PRINCIPALLY NERVES!



NERVES! COULD NERVES DO **THIS?**

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! YOUR HAND-- IT'S A **CLAW!**



I THOUGHT ALL OF THIS WAS A WILD HALLUCINATION-- BUT NOW THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT! YOU'VE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A **VAMPIRE!** THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR YOU-- A SLIGHT CHANCE-- BUT YOU MUST DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, PROFESSOR... **ANYTHING!**



THEN FIRST WE MUST LEAVE FOR VENICE TOMORROW MORNING BY PLANE! MEANWHILE, THERE IS SOME RESEARCH I WANT TO DO HERE IN MY LIBRARY!

RIGHT! WE'LL MEET TOMORROW... AT THE AIRPORT!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING... IN A STRATOLINER ABOVE THE CLOUDS...

MY RESEARCH HAS SHOWN THAT THE SILVERSMITH WHO MADE THIS BOX, **BRIACCHI**, WAS MORE THAN JUST A CRAFTSMAN! HE WAS A PRACTITIONER OF THE **BLACK ARTS!** HE MADE THE PAIR OF MUSIC BOXES IN THE YEAR 1532 FOR A NOBLEMAN NAMED BARONE! BARONE HAD TWO DAUGHTERS-- THE OLDER KNOWN AS

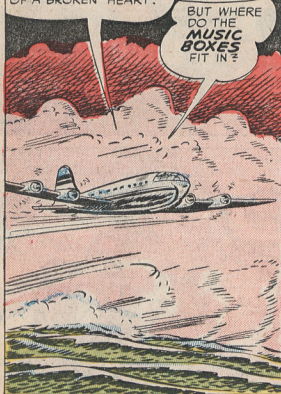
VIOLETTA!

IN 1532? BUT THE GIRL I SAW WAS **ALIVE!**



WHY NOT? VAMPIRES CAN LIVE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT VIOLETTA WAS AND **STILL IS!** IT SEEMS THAT BACK IN THE 16TH CENTURY, SHE CLAIMED HER YOUNGER SISTER'S FIANCÉ AS ONE OF HER VICTIMS! BUT SHE WAS TRAPPED IN THE ACT, AND HUNTED DOWN, AND SUPPOSEDLY DESTROYED! THE YOUNGER SISTER DIED SHORTLY AFTERWARD OF A BROKEN HEART!

BUT WHERE DO THE **MUSIC BOXES** FIT IN?



THAT'S THE PUZZLER! BRIACCHI WAS COMMISSIONED TO MAKE THE BOXES AFTER THE GIRLS DIED! PERHAPS THEIR FATHER HAD INTENDED THEM TO BE AN IMMORTAL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS DEAD DAUGHTERS, PLAYING THE MELODIES DEAREST TO EACH IN LIFE! BUT BRIACCHI WAS A **WIZARD!**--



--AND SO IT'S JUST MY LUCK TO GET **VIOLETTA'S**-- AND I-- I'M AFRAID THERE'S **NO WAY OUT!**



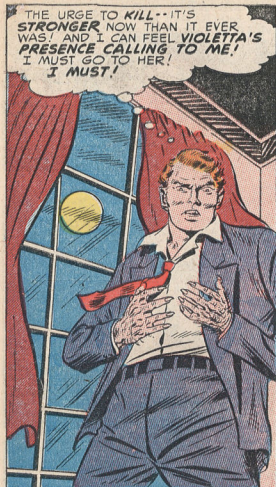
LATE THAT NIGHT-- VENICE--

THEN I'M TO... **STAY** IN THIS ROOM TILL YOU RETURN?

PRECISELY! I'M GOING OVER THE COMPLETE ROUTE YOU TOOK-- THE SHOP WHERE YOU BOUGHT THE MUSIC BOX-- THE PLACE YOU SAY THE GONDOLA PICKED YOU UP-- **EVERYTHING!** AND YOU'RE **NOT TO LEAVE THIS HOTEL!**



BUT AS THE LATE MOON RISES, AND THE PROFESSOR FAILS TO RETURN...



SNATCHING UP THE MUSIC BOX, RALPH DASHES INTO THE NIGHT...



HEAR IT, VIOLETTA-- THE MUSIC-- YOUR MUSIC! I'VE COME BACK TO YOU! I'LL-- WAIT! THE GONDOLA-- COMING OUT OF THE MIST! SHE HAS HEARD!



THIS TIME I HAVE COME MYSELF BECAUSE SOON YOU WILL BE AS I! IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT YOU RETURN--BECAUSE I OFFER YOU ETERNAL LIFE!

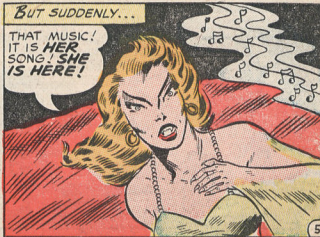


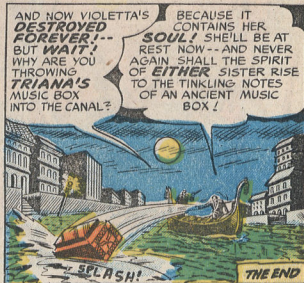
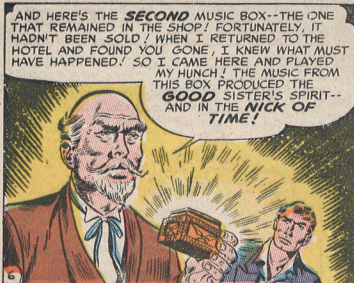
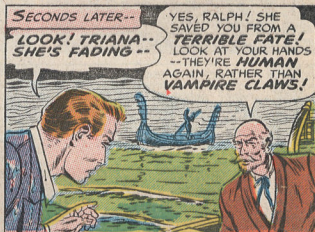
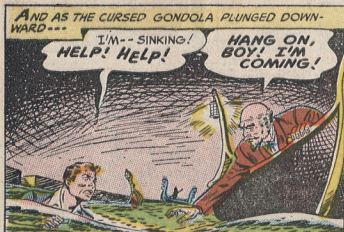
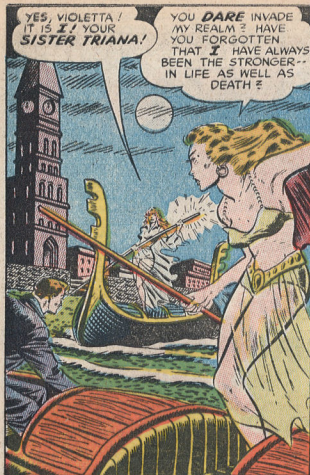
THERE WILL BE VELVET WINGS TO STROKE THE AIR-- TO CARRY YOU ACROSS THE WIDE SEAS AND ABOVE THE HIGHEST PEAKS! I WILL TEACH YOU THE WISDOM OF THE CENTURIES, AND TOGETHER WE SHALL HUNT THE MIDNIGHT SKIES--



BUT SUDDENLY...

THAT MUSIC! IT IS HER SONG! SHE IS HERE!



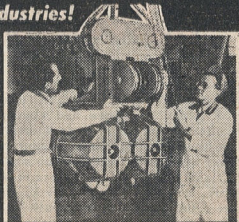


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REVENGE OF THE FIRE-SPIRIT

THE RUBBER PLANTATION on the island of Manua had always been a profitable venture for Cass Withers and Ben Dalton, the two partners who owned it. They were as different as two men could be...Cass a big and burly boaster who hated work, and Ben a small, meek, quiet plodder. And Cass took every advantage of his partner, knowing that if Ben resented it, he'd be too frightened to say anything about it. Finally, he even took Ben's girl...marrying pretty Lois Drew, some said, just to spite the man who had loved her so much.

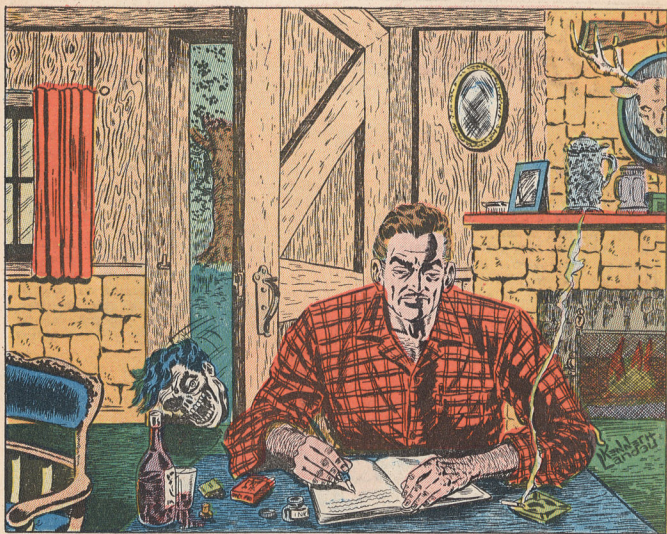
Make no mistake about it...Ben had cared deeply for Lois, and always would. So much so that when he chanced upon evidence that Cass had been systematically embezzling funds from their business, he did nothing about it, reluctant lest scandal should hurt the girl he loved. Nothing...until he learned that his partner was drinking more than ever, and abusing his bride cruelly. Ben knew then that to cover up Cass's guilt was no kindness to Lois. Better let it come out in the open, thus giving her a cause for divorce and liberty from the man who was mistreating her.

But Ben Dalton made one mistake. He confronted his partner with the evidence of his crime in private. Cass knew that if it came out, he'd lose more than his wife. He'd lose the prosperity which had been his...lose his freedom...lose everything! And so, with the liquor raging within him, he seized a heavy figurine and struck...struck again! He didn't stop until the bleeding body of Ben lay dead at his feet. For the moment, he was free of the risk of disclosure...but now another problem presented itself! What to do with Dalton's body? If it were found, the obvious evidence of murder would lead to an investigation...and that would be bound to implicate Cass Withers. No, he had to dispose of the body...but *how*? Then, in a burst of inspiration, the answer came to him. "The volcano crater! It would consume Ben's corpse completely. Consume the body, consume the face he had grown to hate so much, consume that livid

half-moon of a scar which adorned his dead partner's left cheek. Come to think of it, he never *could* stand that scar! He hesitated a moment as a bit of native folklore came to his mind. He recollected that humans were warned away from the crater, which was reputed to be the dwelling-place of strange and deadly *fire-spirits*...supernatural creatures of flame from the depths of the earth. Native nonsense! Cass shrugged as he hoisted the body of his erstwhile partner to his shoulder.

It was ridiculously easy...the merest heave, and all that was left of Ben Dalton disappeared into the fiery pit. But Cass found that it wasn't as simple to dispose of the *memory* of the dead man. In his mind, he saw him constantly and everywhere, smiling enigmatically, the half-moon scar on his left cheek seeming to glow mockingly. Small wonder that Cass began drinking more heavily...but it did no good. And Lois, his wife, suffered for it. His abuse grew greater and greater...and finally climaxed by an angry blow that stretched her cowering at his feet. Drunkenly, he drew his foot back for a kick, then paused suddenly. That strange wave of heat in the room...what was causing it? He turned...then recoiled, screaming. For there it was...that *thing*...confronting him. Its body a mass of searing flames as it came closer...*closer*! No, it must be the liquor...he was *imagining* it! But a searing blast of heat told him otherwise. Cass screamed then, for he saw something menacing, terrifying...that glowing crescent which flared mockingly from the thing's left cheek. *Ben's scar!*

In a flash, it all came back to him...the native stories of the fire-spirits which inhabited the crater. So *this* was what he had done to Ben Dalton...now summoned back by the suffering of the girl he had once loved! But there was no time for further thought. For the fire-spirit had closed with him, winding his blazing arms about the shrieking man. And in the fiery grasp, Cass Withers died, screaming.



Is it too late to tell the truth about the hideous secret I've lived with for twelve years? But even if time is short and horror is coming closer... I've got to free my conscience of the thing I fear...

HALLAHAN'S HEAD!

To begin with, I had nothing against Hallahan... except business! It was back in 1941... when Bronze opened thousands of acres of virgin jungle for big-time rubber production!



THAT'S A BIG TRACT WAITING TO BE CLAIMED UP-RIVER, FLETCHER... ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US! INSTEAD OF MAKING A RACE FOR IT... WHY DON'T WE SHARE THE LAND?

NOT ME, HALLAHAN! I NEVER SHARE ANYTHING!



OKAY, FLETCHER... IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT! I'M SHOVING OFF... AND PUTTING IN MY CLAIM!



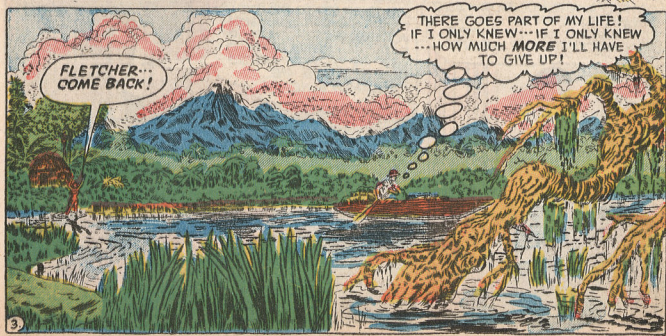
GET AFTER HIM...AND KILL HIM! BUT I WANT PROOF OTONGO... I WANT HALLAHAN'S HEAD!

NOTHING STOP OTONGO! LET STARS FALL... LET EARTH SHAKE... YOU WILL GET HEAD!



That night... distant drums beat out the news of Hallahan's death. From now on it would be easy... the land was mine! I remember how happy I was during the week that passed... waiting for Otongo... with Lisa!





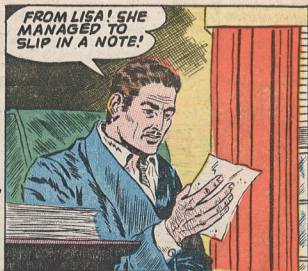
Nothing helps a man forget like success! Within a year, Wall Street hummed with the news of a new industry...the Fletcher Rubber Company!

WE'VE SOLD EVERY SHARE OF THE NEW STOCK, FLETCHER! NOW WE CAN REALLY BEGIN TO OPERATE...ON A MILLION DOLLAR SCALE!

GREAT! I'VE RECEIVED A BATCH OF FIELD REPORTS FROM BRAZIL...AND I'LL LOOK THEM OVER TONIGHT!

I rifled through the reports in my hotel suite...so many new acres planted...so many bales of crude rubber awaiting shipment...it almost took a weight off my mind! Almost...until I found a crude scrawl among the papers!

FROM LISA! SHE MANAGED TO SLIP IN A NOTE!



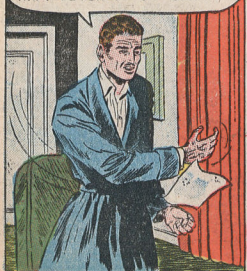
BUT OTONGO IS GONE... HE WAS KILLED BY A JAGUAR WHEN HUNTERS FOUND HIM...LYING NEAR A BODY THAT HAD NO HEAD!



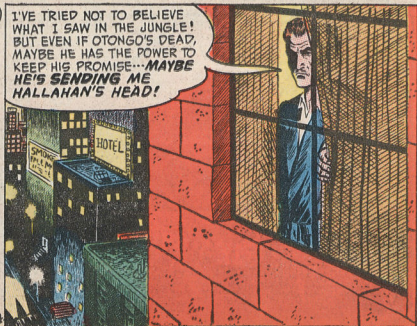
I STILL WEEP FOR YOU, FLETCHER! IF I COULD, I WOULD BEG OTONGO'S HELP TO BRING YOU BACK...BECAUSE OTONGO WAS A POWERFUL WITCH DOCTOR!



OTONGO A WITCH DOCTOR...AND I NEVER KNEW! I'D GET THE HEAD HE TOLD ME...NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED...I'D GET IT!



I'VE TRIED NOT TO BELIEVE WHAT I SAW IN THE JUNGLE! BUT EVEN IF OTONGO'S DEAD, MAYBE HE HAS THE POWER TO KEEP HIS PROMISE...MAYBE HE'S SENDING ME HALLAHAN'S HEAD!



A strange thing happened three years later off the coast of Florida... and you probably read the newspaper item! I know I did... a hundred times!



LOWER A BOAT! THAT THING ADrift IS A HUMAN HEAD!

GOOD GOSH...WAIT! IT ISN'T DRIFTING...



...IT'S SWIMMING!



MAYBE THEY THINK THOSE SAILORS WERE DRUNK...OR CRAZY! BUT I KNOW WHOSE HEAD IT WAS...AND WHERE IT'S GOING!

FLETCHER RUBBER CO.
J.V. FLETCHER
PRESIDENT
PRIVATE

Four more years passed...years that could have meant unbounded happiness! I was Jim Fletcher, the Rubber Tycoon...and I will remember the meeting that named me chairman of the company!



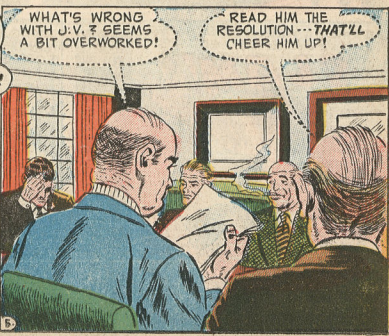
BEFORE THE MEETING STARTS, J.V.---LET'S TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT HOW THE MARKET'S DOING!

IT'LL BE GOOD, CHARLIE! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD!



HERE'S A WEIRD LITTLE FLASH, CHIEF! THE COAST GUARD SPOTTED A HUMAN HEAD... FLOATING OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPE'S!

VIRGINIA! THAT MEANS...IT'S COMING! IT'S TAKING ITS TIME...BUT IT'S COMING!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH J.V.? SEEMS A BIT OVERWORKED!

READ HIM THE RESOLUTION...THAT'LL CHEER HIM UP!

AS HEAD OF THE FIRM, J.V. FLETCHER HAS PLACED US AHEAD OF THE INDUSTRY! OUR WORKERS PRODUCE MORE PER HEAD---OUR FOREMEN ARE HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE AVERAGE ---AND IF CONDITIONS COME TO A HEAD---



HEAD---HEAD---HEAD!
YOU FAT IDIOT---IS
THAT THE ONLY WORD
IN YOUR VOCABULARY?



*Overwork,
they called,
it! And I did
work like a
machine afraid
to stop---watch-
ing the con-
tracts pile up!
I was rich---I
could afford a
mansion---and
I got one!*

EVERYTHING I WANTED BACK
THERE IN THE JUNGLE! AND
NOW---WHAT IS IT? AN
EMPTY SHELL---A PLACE
TO HANG MY CLOTHES!



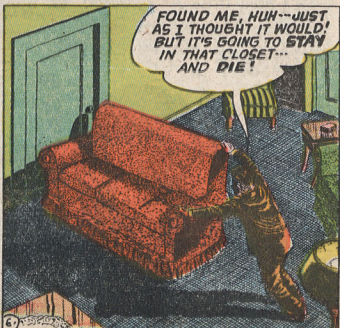
AAAGH!



SLAM!



FOUND ME, HUH---JUST
AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD!
BUT IT'S GOING TO STAY
IN THAT CLOSET---
AND DIE!



YOU WANT US TO **DYNAMITE** THE MANSION? BUT YOU MUST BE JOKING. MR. FLETCHER...YOU JUST PAID US \$200,000 TO **BUILD** THE PLACE!

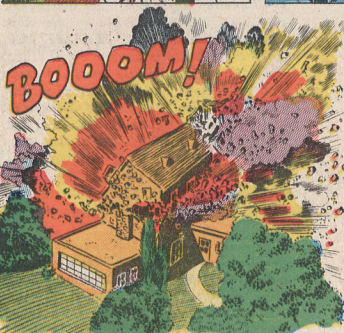
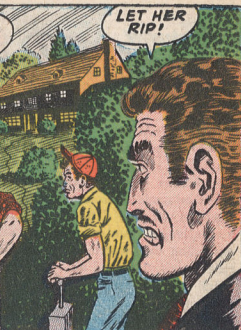


IT'S MY MONEY, ISN'T IT? I WANT A DEMOLITION CREW OUT HERE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING... **UNDERSTAND?**

IT'S YOUR SAY-SO, MR. FLETCHER...SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND?



LET HER RIP!

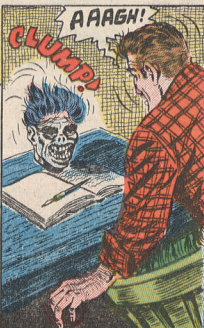


THERE GOES EVERY CENT OF MY SAVINGS...LIKE THAT! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT...IT WAS WORTH IT!



GREAT SCOTT! I'M SURE I SAW SOMETHING HOP OUT OF THE WRECKAGE...SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE A HEAD!

That was a year ago! I've lived in a lonely cabin ever since...writing this account! There's an odd thumping noise along the path...and I know my time is running out...

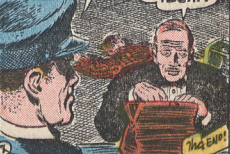


AAAGH!

A WEEK LATER...THEY FOUND FLETCHER'S BODY!

NO BELONGINGS TO SPEAK OF, DOC...EXCEPT A BLOODSTAINED DIARY AND AN OLD LETTER FROM SOMEONE NAMED LISA! SAY...ARE YOU **SERIOUS** ABOUT THE WAY HE DIED?

I **READ** THAT JOURNAL, SERGEANT! YES, FLETCHER WAS **BITTEN** TO DEATH... **BY HUMAN TEETH!**



From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

HELLO AGAIN, and greetings...to the loyalest body of faithful fans any magazine ever had! We, the editors of "Forbidden Worlds" salute all you countless thousands of readers who've made each issue of our publication an inspiration and a challenge. And we want to start off by extending our heartfelt thanks for the letters which you send us. They keep us in touch with our fans...allow us to learn just what type of stories they like...and what sort they *don't* go for! And don't think for one moment that we aren't guided by valued correspondence of this nature. It helps us avoid pitfalls and frame "Forbidden Worlds" as your *personal* magazine...a thrilling publication of the supernatural which mirrors your tastes!

As a matter of fact, you've helped us in more ways than you can imagine. Knowing that we deal with the weird, the mysterious, the unexplained, many of our readers have sent in to us accounts of strange experiences which they claim to have undergone personally. These are a source of tremendous interest and fascination for us. Our staff goes over each of these carefully...investigates it...attempts to interpret it for the sakes of those who are good enough to send it in. Wherever possible, if we can devise a reasonable explanation, we send it to the contributor. At times, we've even gone further than this, and used the ex-

perience in question as the basis of one of our stories. Therefore, if you've had any strange experience, or know of someone who has, don't hesitate to send it to us! If there's anything we can do by way of clarifying it, we'll be glad to do so!

Speaking frankly, our current issue doesn't contain any such outside material...but we feel that it's a humdinger notwithstanding! It's loaded with eerie thrills from cover to cover, and we think you'll find it one of the best in a long time! "The Venetian Music Box", for instance...we're sure that you'll rise to the chill challenge contained in this, the most captivatingly breathless yarn ever! Then there's "The Living and the Dead", a gasp-laden weird story that's guaranteed for impact! "Hallaban's Head" is the sort of thing that you don't come across often, and our only advice to you is...*do not read after midnight!* "The Dead Remember" is a real special from out of the exciting *supernatural*...and all these, plus a collection of thrilling short subjects, make up an ace issue!

Please...won't you tell us what you think of these stories? Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And to learn what some of your fellow-fans think, here are a few letters from our mailbox!

"Dear Editor:-

I like 'Forbidden Worlds' because it has the best, most carefully-planned stories of the supernatural I've ever read! Whether it be ghouls, ghosts, werewolves or vampires...it's tops!

--Edgar W. Gray, Longview, Texas."

"Dear Editor:-

I enjoy 'Forbidden Worlds' so much that I'd like to know how I go about getting a subscription to this fascinating magazine. I look forward to every new issue...it's got all the others beaten by a mile!

--Betty Casey, Fall River, Mass."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read every issue of 'Forbidden Worlds', and there hasn't been one that wasn't wonderful. Just keep up your great stories, and you'll never lose me as a fan. Good luck!

--F. Labbie, Hartsborn, Mo."

**Could You Use
\$1,000,000?**

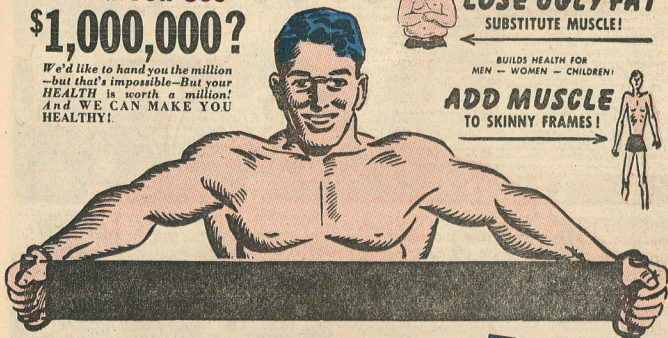
*We'd like to hand you the million
—but that's impossible—But your
HEALTH is worth a million!
AND WE CAN MAKE YOU
HEALTHY!*



**LOSE UGLY FAT
SUBSTITUTE MUSCLE!**

BUILDS HEALTH FOR
MEN — WOMEN — CHILDREN!

**ADD MUSCLE
TO SKINNY FRAMES!**



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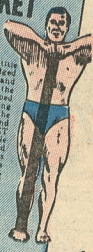
*** BUILDS HEALTH IN VETERANS' HOSPITALS** HIP POCKET GYM is used by physiotherapists in Veterans' Hospitals to rebuild health and vigor in our wounded and injured men.

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To Save Handling and Postal Charges Send Check or Money Order.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

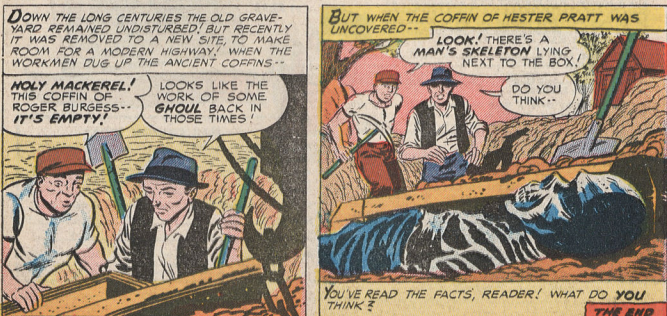
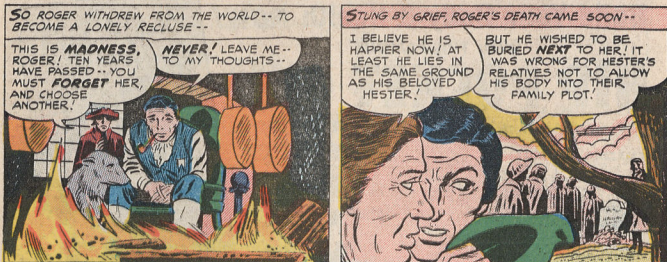
CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

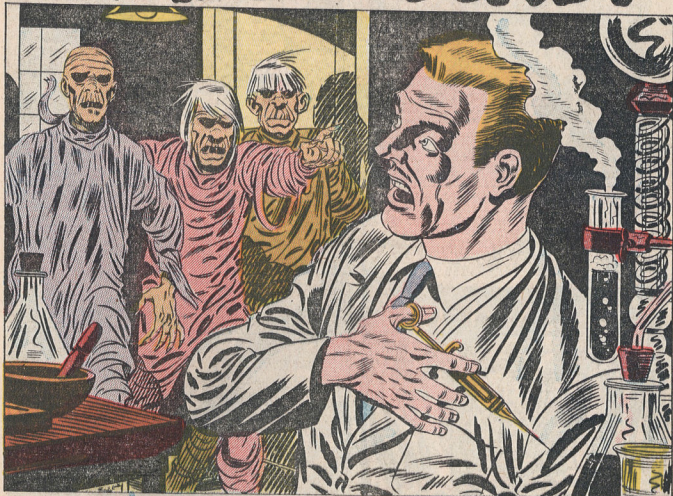
If I am not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, I may return the Hip Pocket Gym within 5 days for full refund!

United Forever!



SCIENCE CAN ACCOMPLISH MARVELS--WITHIN ITS OWN DOMAIN! BUT THERE IS A POINT MARKED **FORBIDDEN GROUND--THE DOMAIN OF DEATH!** MARVIN BLAKE, LABORATORY ASSISTANT, LEARNED THIS LESSON THE HARD WAY--WHEN HE STROVE TO SOLVE THE SECRET OF--

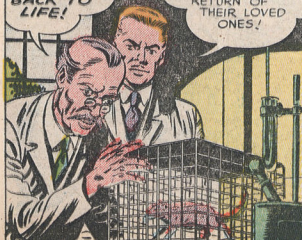
THE LIVING AND THE DEAD!



IN THE EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR J.Z. CLARK...

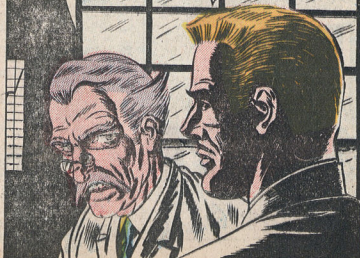
IT'S TRULY **AMAZING**, MARVIN! ONLY AN HOUR AGO, THIS RAT WAS STONE DEAD! NOW, THANKS TO **FORMULA X-66**, HE HAS BEEN **BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE!**

IT IS AMAZING, SIR! IMAGINE THE ABILITY TO **REVIVE THE DEAD!** THE PRICE PEOPLE WILL PAY FOR THE RETURN OF THEIR LOVED ONES!



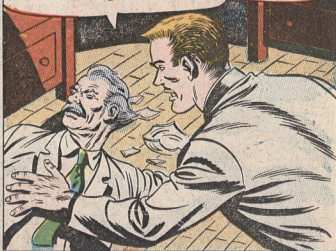
NOT ANOTHER WORD OF THAT! IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE SERUM IS STILL IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE! SECONDLY, WHAT WORKS ON A RAT MAY BE A DISMAL FAILURE ON A HUMAN BEING! LASTLY, I WOULD **NEVER** SEEK PROFIT OUT OF HUMAN MISERY! IS THAT **CLEAR?**

YES, PROFESSOR...





THE **FOOL!** MAYBE **HE** ISN'T INTERESTED IN PROFIT, BUT **I** AM! **I** HELPED HIM DEVELOP **X-66!** AND TO REFUSE TO USE IT AS I SUGGESTED WOULD ROB ME OF THE GLORY AND WEALTH THAT WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE! HE--HE'S DEAD-- I **HAD** TO DO IT!--



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, IN THE FURNACE ROOM BENEATH THE LAB...

NEATLY ENOUGH! THE INCINERATOR WILL COVER ALL TRACES OF PROFESSOR CLARK-- I'LL BE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD! FREE TO CARRY ON MY **OWN** EXPERIMENT!



LATE THAT SAME NIGHT, IN A NEARBY CEMETERY...

I--I'VE GOT TO GET A HUMAN BODY AND TAKE IT BACK TO THE LAB! THEN FOR THE ONE EXPERIMENT THAT WILL BRING ME FAME, WEALTH AND UNLIMITED POWER-- **THE RETURN OF THE DEAD TO LIFE!**



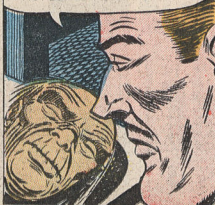
UPON HIS RETURN, MARVIN PREPARES THE FATEFUL TEST...

THIS HYPO CONTAINS EVERY DROP OF X-66 I COULD FIND IN THE LAB! IT'S SUPER-POTENT, AND IF IT DOESN'T DO IT-- **NOTHING** WILL!



SLOWLY, THE LONG SECONDS TICK OFF, THE MINUTES FOLLOW...

NOTHING'S HAPPENED! THE REACTION HASN'T SET IN! M--MAYBE CLARK WAS RIGHT! WHAT WORKED ON RATS MAY NOT PROVE TRUE WITH HUMANS! THE SERUM IS A **FAILURE!** A HOPELESS, DISMAL---



WAIT-- THE EYES! THEY'VE **OPENED!** IT'S **ALIVE!** I'VE BROUGHT IT BACK FROM THE DEAD!



IT-- **MOVES!** THE RESPONSE IS MORE POSITIVE THAN ANY EXPERIMENT WE MADE IN THE PAST! I'VE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT NO MAN HAS DONE BEFORE! THE POWER OVER **DEATH IS MINE!**



HE CAN **WALK!** IT'S UNCANNY! HIS REFLEXES ARE -- WAIT! WHY DOES HE LOOK AT ME THAT WAY? WHY DOES HE MOVE **TOWARDS ME?**



D--DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I BROUGHT YOU BACK--I'M YOUR **MASTER!** D--DON'T YOU **UNDERSTAND?**



PANIC-STRICKEN, MARVIN SNATCHES UP A REVOLVER FROM THE WORKBENCH DRAWER...

I RESTORED YOU TO LIFE, AND I CAN UNDO MY WORK! TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND YOU'LL BE THE CORPSE YOU WERE!



BULLETS--ARE USELESS--AGAINST ME--AS USELESS--AS THE SERUM--WHICH YOU THINK--HAS BROUGHT ME--BACK TO LIFE!



I NEVER--**DIED!** BUT MY THANKS TO YOU --FOR RELEASING ME--FROM THE OAKEN COFFIN-- THAT WAS MY PRISON! KNOW THAT I AM--NO **ORDINARY CORPSE!**--



YOU SEE... I AM A **VAMPIRE!**



THE END



"We have been using your book on Auto Repair for the past year and feel like it is a third man around the shop." — *F. M. Scott, Glenwood, Wash.*



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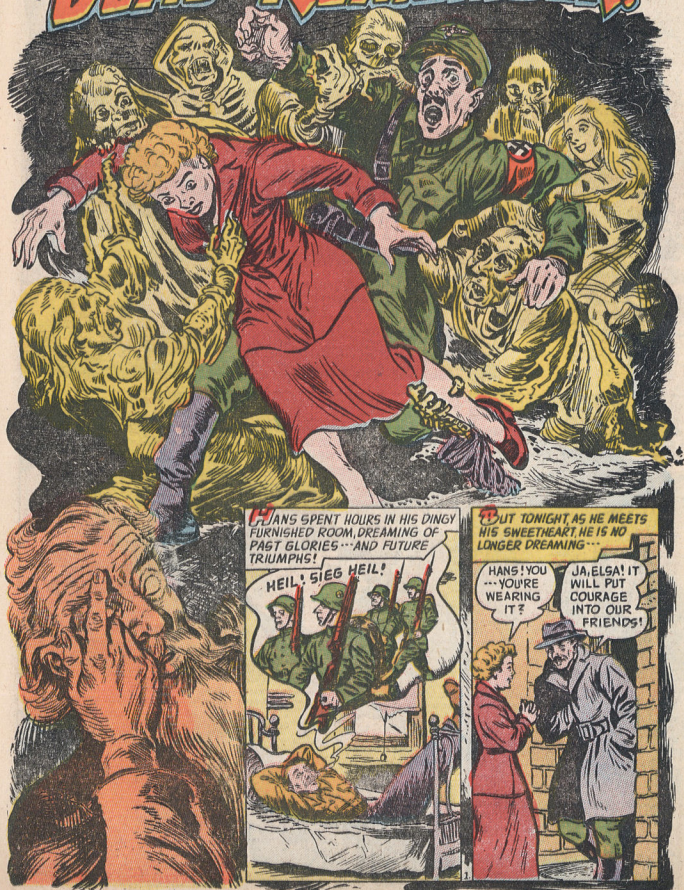
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GERMANY'S DEFEAT HAD CHANGED THE DESTINY OF HANS KRAUSE, FORMER WACHTMEISTER IN THE STORMTROOPERS...BUT NOTHING COULD CHANGE HIS LUST FOR POWER! CRAFTILY HE PLOTTED A COMEBACK...ONLY TO LEARN, IN A MOMENT OF STARK TERROR, THAT...

The DEAD REMEMBER!



HANS SPENT HOURS IN HIS DINGY FURNISHED ROOM, DREAMING OF PAST GLORIES...AND FUTURE TRIUMPHS!

HEIL! SIEG HEIL!

BUT TONIGHT, AS HE MEETS HIS SWEETHEART, HE IS NO LONGER DREAMING...

HANS! YOU...YOU'RE WEARING IT?

JA, ELSA! IT WILL PUT COURAGE INTO OUR FRIENDS!

TOGETHER THEY HURRY TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN—PAST THE BLEAK FIELDS THAT WERE ONCE THE SITE OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP WHERE HANS HAD STRUTTED AND SWAGGERED...



SUDDENLY...

HANS! THAT OLD MAN... HE SEEMED TO COME FROM NOWHERE!

ACH, IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION! HE'S ONLY AN OLD BEGGAR...



ONE SIDE, YOU!

HIS EYES... DID YOU NOTICE HOW HE LOOKED AT US?

STOP IT, ELSA! YOU'RE JUST BEING SILLY!



HERE IS THE HERR WACHT-MAISTER... OUR LEADER! HEIL!

HEIL! I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU TONIGHT!



YOUR OLD STORM-TROOPER UNIFORM! YOU DARED TO WEAR IT!

JA! WHAT BETTER WAY TO HONOR THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR GREAT FUEHRER, ADOLF HITLER!



AND WE WILL DARE EVEN MORE, MY FRIENDS! I TELL YOU WE WILL SEE GLORIOUS DAYS AGAIN... AND SOONER THAN YOU THINK!





AND THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWY MISTS, A VOICE...

HALT!

WH- WHO IS THAT?



YOU ARE COMING BACK TO THE GRAVE ... WITH US!

NO... THIS IS A TRICK OF SOME KIND!



BANG! BANG!



WE ARE THE DEAD OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP, HERR WACHTMEISTER! AND WE, TOO, REMEMBER!

WE REMEMBER HOW WE WERE TORTURED...

TWENTY MORE LASHES!

JAWOHL, HERR WACHTMEISTER!

AND WE REMEMBER HOW WE DIED... SOME OF US BURIED ALIVE IN A COMMON GRAVE...

FIRE!

RAT-TAT-TAT!





AI-EEE!

HELP!
HELP!



NO, HERR WACHT-
MEISTER... THERE
IS NO ESCAPE!



PLEASE LET ME GO!
TAKE THE OTHERS, BUT
LET ME GO! PLEASE!
I BEG YOU...



NO!
N-NO...

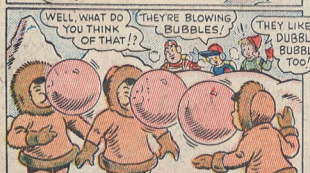


ARGH!

THE SHRIEKS OF THE DYING ARE
CUT OFF AS THE EARTH CLOSES
OVER THEM... AND THERE IS NO
SOUND BUT THE WIND SIGHING
OVER THE BLEAK, LONELY FIELDS
WHERE WATCHES A GHASTLY SEN-
TINEL OF THE DEAD...

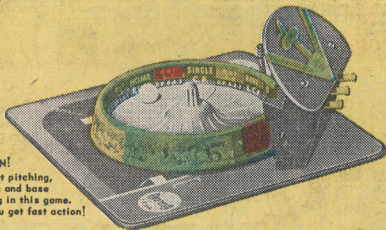


THE
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"TRUE" UNCANNY MYSTERIES

ON JULY 23, 1946, A PALE AND NERVOUS YOUNG WOMAN STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN IN CHARLOTTEVILLE, OHIO--

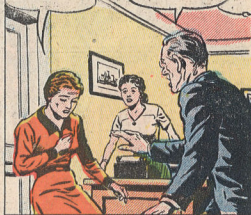
IT CAN HAPPEN AT ANY TIME! I MUST GO TO THE CEMETERY AT ONCE-- SPEAK TO THE AUTHORITIES--



THE GIRL TAXIED SWIFTLY TO HER DESTINATION AND ASKED FOR AN IMMEDIATE INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER! BUT NO SOONER DID SHE ENTER HIS OFFICE THAN--

I MUST SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT-- OH-HH!

GOOD HEAVENS! CALL A DOCTOR!



TOO LATE-- SHE'S DEAD! BETTER TAKE THE BODY TO THE COUNTY MORGUE FOR AN AUTOPSY-- AND GET THE POLICE TO HELP IN FINDING HER FAMILY!



NEXT DAY, AS THE CORONER ANNOUNCED HIS FINDINGS--

THE GIRL DIED OF A HEART ATTACK, INSPECTOR! IT WAS IN SUCH BAD SHAPE SHE MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT! WONDER WHY SHE WAS AT THE CEMETERY?

BEATS ME! SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ARRANGING TO BUY A PLOT-- BECAUSE ALL SHE HAD WAS 8 BUCKS TO HER NAME!



IDENTIFICATION IN HER PURSE GAVE HER NAME AS **MILDRED MOTTRAM**, PLUS AN ADDRESS IN A CRUMMY NEW YORK HOTEL! I CALLED THERE AND LEARNED SHE'D LIVED THERE FOR THREE YEARS! SHE NEVER HAD ANY VISITORS OR WENT OUT-- SEEMS SHE WAS ALWAYS VERY SICKLY!



HOW COME SHE CAME TO THIS TOWN?

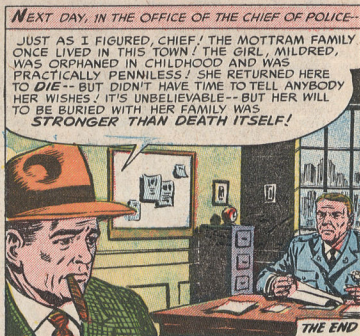
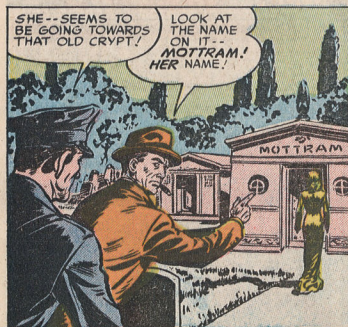
I DON'T KNOW--AND I HAVEN'T LOCATED ANY RELATIVES! I'LL PUT HER PICTURE IN PAPERS AROUND THE COUNTRY-- AND UNLESS SOMEBODY COMES FORWARD TO CLAIM HER BODY, SHE'LL BE BURIED IN **POTTER'S FIELD!**



WHEN AFTER THE REQUIRED PERIOD THE BODY REMAINED UNCLAIMED, IT WAS REMOVED TO THE MORTUARY ALONGSIDE **POTTER'S FIELD** FOR BURIAL THE FOLLOWING DAY! BUT THAT NIGHT, AS THE WATCHMAN MADE HIS FINDS--

S-SAINTS PRESERVE US! THAT CORPSE IS--MOVING!







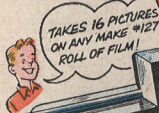
**It's Here!
NOW!**

**LOOK FOR THE
JANUARY ISSUE**

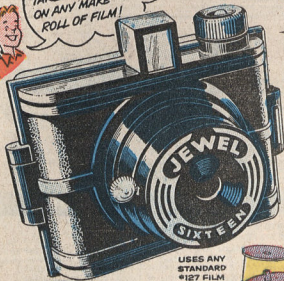
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UNKNOWN!**

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BOX FRONT

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Get two big rolls of #127 film to go with your camera ...
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takes 16 pictures, you get a total of 32 pictures in all.
This is a limited time offer!

Smith Bros. Camera P. O. Box 73, Dept. B, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
I want to get in on the swell Smith Brothers' offer. Send me the fol-
lowing: I enclose \$_____ and _____ Box Fronts. (Offer expires
December 31, 1954)

- ☐ Camera Only (50¢ and 1 Smith Bros. Box Front) ☐ 2 Rolls Film (50¢ and 1 Smith Bros. Box Front) ☐ Camera & 2 rolls Film (\$1 and 2 Smith Bros. Box Fronts)

NAME _____ (Please print in pencil)

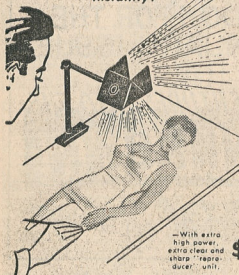
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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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Anyone can Draw With This
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Instantly!



De Luxe Model
Complete for only

\$1.98

—With extra
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extra clear and
sharp "repro-
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Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings

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Even if You **CAN'T DRAW**
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New York 7, N. Y.**

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy **YOU**

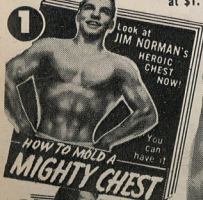
Mail the
Coupon below
as I did!
May be **LAST**
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES

5
FREE

If you mail
coupon NOW!

Millions
have
been sold
at \$1.



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GRIMM
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Bloodless, Pitiful
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RED-BLOODED
HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!**

I just
**GAINED
35 NEW LBS.**
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MUSCLES!

You can do the same
as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add **10 inches** to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did.

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